



AFTER THE HUG.

HE.—You smashed two cigars in my inside pocket just then!

SHE.—That's nothing! You bent a whole package of cigarettes in my corsage!



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Cartoons and Comments

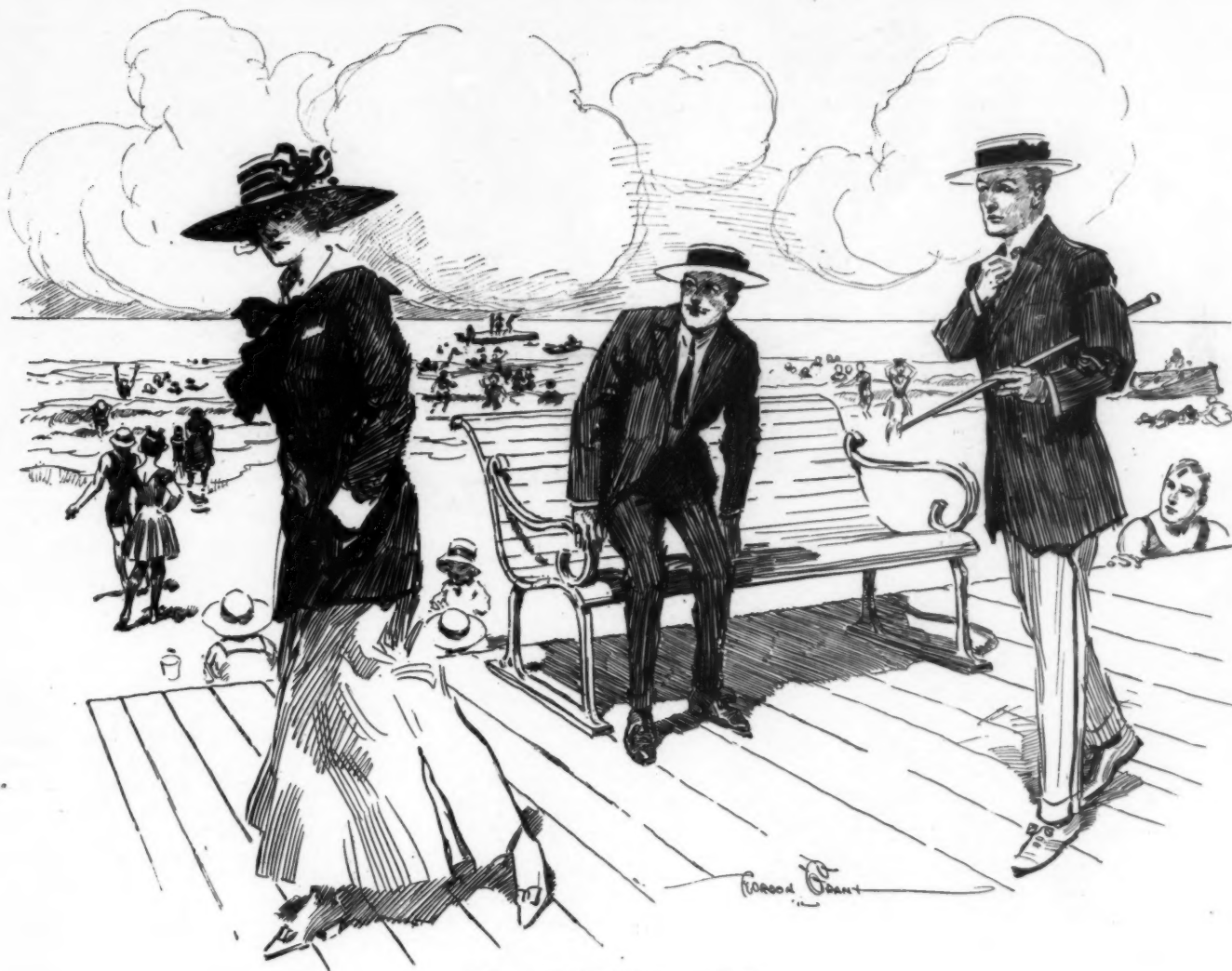
EXTENDING THE RECALL. As a political issue the Recall has come to stay. Some "point to it with pride." Others "view it with alarm." There seems to be no hope of harmony. One application of the Recall idea has not as yet been suggested, however, and if it is, we are inclined to the belief that its reception will be something akin to enthusiasm. Differences of opinion will vanish as if by magic, and some of those who now oppose the Recall most bitterly will of a sudden become its ardent supporters. Why wait until a man is in public office before deciding to recall him? Recent political annals might suggest the desirability of the Recall of Candidates. Let the Recall be an ounce of prevention as well as a pound of cure.

THERE was a little flurry in Congress recently over the President's \$25,000 allowance for traveling expenses. It developed into nothing serious, but, as usual, there were members who thought it positively scandalous that the Chief Executive of the United States should spend so much of his time gadding about the country. Right here we think it appropriate to state that these objections had better cease. If the next President should be a Democrat, as now seems reasonably probable, his allowance for traveling expenses might well be increased from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, so that within the four-year limit of his term of office he might see practically every citizen of the United States, and every citizen of the United States might

see him. Republican Presidents are as common as wild carrot. A Democratic President is a rarity, a species of *genus homo* thought by many to be extinct, and if the November elections should indeed put one of these extraordinary creatures in the White House—one has not been sent there in twenty years—it should be his privilege and his duty to swing around the circle and exhibit himself to his countrymen. It is something to be able to say that one has seen and shaken hands with a Democratic President, and if the opportunity is offered to the "common people" for the next four years they should hasten to avail themselves of it, and not count the cost, for no one can say if they will ever have the chance again.



OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE.



THE FOLLOW-UP SYSTEM.

APPROPRIATE SUPPLEMENTS FOR SUNDAY.



AS SOON as the editor-in-chief of the *Yellow Yowler* had read his morning mail he called for the Sunday editor.

"Mr. Scratchett, what have you for Sunday?" he demanded. His assistant produced the delectable literary menu which he had drawn from the four corners of the universe and his own vivid imagination.

"We will have a full page," he chortled, "upon the following subject: 'Has the Microbe a Sense of Humor?' with highly magnified photographs of the phrenological bumps upon their heads; then the Reverend John Whitechoker will use a page telling of his experiences in a lobster-palace with a chorus-girl; Professor Putrid will give a series of photographic illustrations of embalmed mummy flesh, and will expose its sale in the leading markets of the country under the name of potted ham; Polly Pinktights has been induced to write her views on teaching Sunday-school classes; Mike-the-Bite will explain what the twelfth chapter of Revelations means to him; Slugger Sullivan will give an illustrated description of how he made a mission piano-bench out of an old pair of boxing-gloves; Howard Harrison Hutt will furnish a complete novelette in seventeen girly pictures, with an occasional word, entitled 'The Pinkness of Piffle'; Cary Morelli will tell how the literary elect trim their corns, while the miscellany will be contributed by Mrs. Bullion Stax, Hobo Harry, Suffragette Sadie, Dancing-Master Bunnyhug, Mr. Anthropoid Ape, and Tessie Toothpick."

"H'm," grumbled the big chief, "seems pretty dull stuff to me. I wish you would try to get hold of something out of the every-day rut.

And do get more variety than this list shows. We'll have to make the best of these this week, but hereafter I want you to ginger-up things until the reader can smell smoke!"

Harvey Peak.



AFRICAN INDUSTRIES.

THE MAKING OF WALL PAPER.

Some people, in their pride about their ancestors, apparently forget that the best of them were mere relatives after all.

BETWEEN TIMES.

HE never stopped talking,
Her tongue knew no balking,
And if no more thoughts were at hand
She'd not lose the day,
For still she could say:
"And-er-and-er-a-and-er-a-a-and."

UNDER THE SOFA.

HOWEVER much the ceaseless gnawing of the tooth of time may have smoothed me down since then, during my pin-feathery adolescence I had two left feet, and was so bungling and lubberly that I could not enter a room where there was company without impinging on at least one side of the doorway. My voice was alternately a squawk and a rumble, and

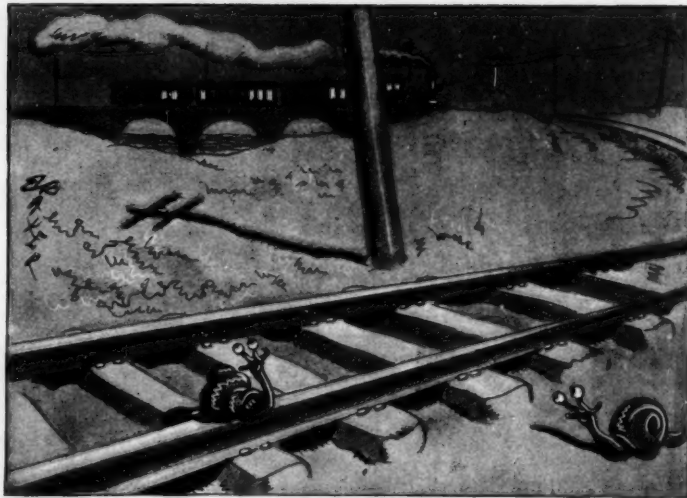


LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

BOY WITH Grouch.—Gee! What d'yer think! I sneaked over an' crawled under that tent, s'posin' it was a circus, an' when I got in I found it was a camp-meetin'!

good ingrain carpet. Meanwhile some other and bolder fellow had kissed little Brown-eyes, not once but twice.

Thus it has been with me 'most ever since; when the good things are being passed around I am, figuratively speaking, under the sofa. Brown-eyes grew up and married a prominent auctioneer who was very public-spirited and a natural bone-setter, and ran for the legislature a good deal and taught singing-school quite a bit and invented a hair-tonic which was also a pretty good dentifrice, and I am still enjoying, or regretting, my somber and buttonless freedom, or degradation, according to whether the viewpoint is that of a married man or a wedded woman. When the old Cappendoss lot, over there, which sold two years later for \$4,000, was begging a buyer at 'leven hundred, I was under the sofa and could n't see the bargain. When John R. Wright was running for Congress he was n't quite as "regular" as I figured he ought to be, and I was so far under the sofa that I was unable to detect the trend of events; so I worked for his opponent, and when Mr. Wright was elected he gave the post-office, that I wanted very badly, to Nick



A RAILWAY MELODRAMA.

DESPERATE SNAIL.—Because you refuse me, Marie, I kill myself!
RELENTING SNAILESS.—Oh, Rudolph, don't! I *will* be your wife!
DESPERATE SNAIL.—Too late! Too late! The train is but a mile away!

Wilson—that fat man, going along on the other side of the street, there, now. Pretty much all the way through life when Opportunity has knocked at my door I have been under the sofa and clear out of hearing.

Still, there have been compensations. When rubber-plantation stocks and golden bricks and shares in promotions in the middle of the Dismal Swamp and rare chances to get in on ground floors and new cults and strange bunds and queer religions and fantastic health fads and opportunities to grow tall by mail or to learn to play the cornet à piston or aviate by correspondence, and such like, are being offered around, I am usually lucky enough to be under the sofa and entirely overlooked. Likewise, when the office of Mayor of our picturesque little city is out seeking the man who will think the title of "The Hon." sufficient payment for being kicked hither and yon like a crippled stepson, I am invariably under the sofa. And I am pleased to say that I am ensconced in that same safe retreat when there are sides to be taken in the town row, or there is opportunity to become an innocent bystander in the neighborhood of an interesting scandal, or tempted to write scathingly over the *nom de plume* of "Constant Reader," or to make a fortune by raising mushrooms in the cellar or squabs on the

roof, or an influential citizen is desired as the goat for a new lodge, and so forth, and am not obliged to either apologise or fight.

So after all, if I haven't had as many occasions for cheering as some of my acquaintances, I have not felt the necessity of doing as much lamenting as others. Every thorn may not have its rose, but here and there is one of 'em that does.

Tom P. Morgan.

HOW IT WAS.

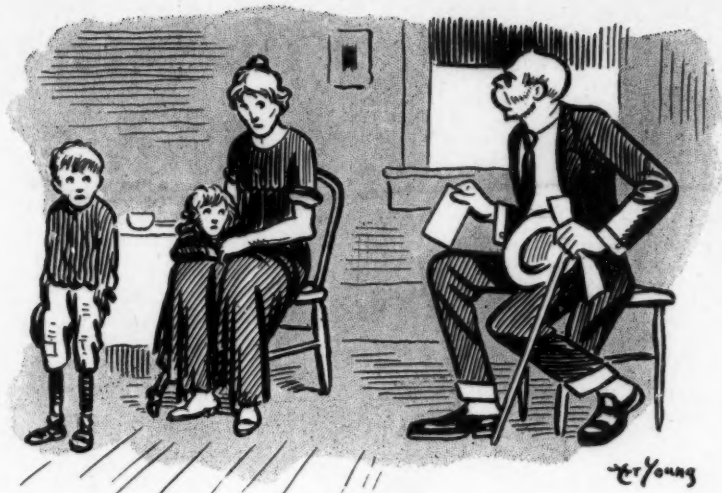
"I PRESUME it was a quiet wedding?" commented the able editor of the Polkville (Ark.) *Weekly Clarion*.

"Eh-yah!" replied Mr. Lab Juckett, from out about Paw Paw Ridge. "Three of us gents jumped right onto the feller that had been threatenin' to tell what he knowed, and choked and held him till the ceremony was over."



THE CHAPERON.

"You must associate only with such persons as I approve of, my child."



THE SAD TRUTH.

INVESTIGATOR.—But surely your children are already old enough to work?

COAL-MINER'S WIFE.—No. Their faces deceive you. They have already worked enough to become old.

THEN YOU WILL WISH FOR ME.

(LINES TO MY EX-WIFE.)

WHEN you need strong hands to hook you,
As a maid could never do,
In a gown that measures forty
Where you measure forty-two;
When you stand before the mirror
In an effort vain to know
If projecting is the ruffle
Of your petticoat below—
Then you will wish for me!

When you want a nurse for Fido,
One with him to walk the floor,
When you think you hear a burglar
In the night-time at the door;
When your banker writes you, saying:
"Your account is overdrawn,"
And the morning paper tells you
That a bargain sale is on—
Then you will wish for me!

When you need someone to tell you
If your cheek 's too deep a rose;
When a mouse—detested creature—
Comes a-hiking toward your toes;
When a courier is needed
As around the world you roam;
When you want someone to listen
To the gossip you 've brought home—
Then you will wish for me!

When you want an honest verdict,
Not a flatt'ring one, but fair,
As to whether you look pretty
In your newest head of hair;
When you hanker for a quarrel,
As you cannot fuss alone,
In your heart you 'll feel a hunger
For a man to call your own—
Then you will wish for me!

When you need a friend to warn you
That the powder 's off your nose;
When you want a man to beat you,
To display his love by blows;
When you find your latest husband
Is the worst you ever had;
That beside him I was really
Not at all what you 'd call bad—
Then you will wish for me!
Terrell Love Holliday.

ALONG ABOUT 2011.

WILLIS.—Quite a fad that 's goin' on over at the theater yonder.
GILLIS.—Yes. They have the dramas actually acted and spoken by actual people and, do you know, it is almost as real as if you 're looking at the moving-pictures.

A FACILITATOR.

IMPATIENT GUEST.—Waiter, I must catch a train and I 'm in a hurry—what are the chances of my getting served at once?
WAITER.—About one to one, sir.
IMPATIENT GUEST.—I get you—one dollar to one waiter. Here you are! Now slide!

THEN AND NOW.

WARREN CHAMBERS.—So Cashier Morral has gone wrong? They say he has been stealing for fifteen years.
BARCLAY MURRAY.—Why, when they investigated his books a year ago I thought he came out of the ordeal unspotted.
WARREN CHAMBERS.—He did, but they 've spotted him now.

THE EXCUSE.

KICKER.—Do they dress for dinner at that summer hotel?
BOCKER.—Worse; they eat for dressing.

JUST AS GOOD.

"Is YOUR hotel situated very near the surf?"
"Same effect and vastly cheaper; they have a splendid phonograph record of it."

ANOTHER CLUE.

FARMER YAPP.—What kind uv a picture wuz this here lost Moana Liza, anyway?

THE VILLAGE ORACLE.—A small portrait of a woman.

FARMER YAPP.—Humph! I 'll bet ye that some one of them fresh travelin' crayon-picture agents hypnotized the caretaker or the janitor inter lettin' him take it away with him to have it enlarged.

IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

"I WONDER how Miss Gabber managed to sprain her wrist?"
"She was conversing with a distinguished Russian diplomat yesterday and tried to take the words out of his mouth!"



NO GENTLEMAN'S CAR.

SCRANTON MIEB (*reprovingly*).—Dese here open-face runabout cars may suit fresh air fiends like youse, Bill, but hereafter, if I can't travel in a side-door limousine, I 'll wait till de next train!



THE REAL QUESTION.

"Who is that man in the next room with the great shock of red hair?"
"Why, he is the husband of the famous singer, Gastolini."
"Yes; but who was he before he married?"

Many a poet has reason to be thankful that his relatives were not in the same line of business.



Do you want people to consider you a "successful Wall Street man"? Well, here's how you can do it, and it won't cost you so much money, either. Go and buy yourself a black-and-white check suit—checks not too big, and no red line in them, or anything like that.

The Ingredients of Success.

Double up on your usual appropriation for shoes, and get them done by a "boot-maker" who has been in London and to whom his calling is an "art." If it's winter, always wear spats—this is very important—any really "successful Wall Street man" will tell you so. Then get a reed cane half as thick as your arm, and your special equipment will be all complete.

Get down to your broker's about ten-thirty in the morning, using a taxi if possible. A gardenia in your buttonhole in winter, and almost any old kind of a flower in summer, is useful—it suggests that you've just come in from Westchester or some place like that. If you wear a moustache, have it most carefully taken care of, and in any case have your face massaged all you possibly can—that ruddy glow irresistibly suggests port and polo, and all that sort of thing.

That's about all—except that you want to keep your mouth closed, just once in a great while dropping a remark that "they" tell you so-and-so. If that does n't do the business nothing will.

EVER stop to wonder what has become of the big part of every new bond issue that is n't offered to the public? "The greater part of these bonds having been disposed of," the foot-square advertisement reads, "we offer the unsold balance at so-and-so."

About those Bond Issues.

If it was so easy to sell the "greater part" of the bonds without any advertising at all, why is it necessary to buy a square foot of space at five dollars an inch, and in half-a-dozen newspapers, in order to get rid of the inconsiderable "unsold balance"?

As a matter of fact, selling a lot of bonds is like selling a lot of anything else. You don't offer everything at once. You go easy, keeping some sort of a balance between the demand you develop and the supply you hand out.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT bonds—"Consols," they are called—have lately fallen to the lowest price on record, and British investors everywhere have consequently lost a great deal of money. While there is some difference of opinion as to the cause of the weakness in the bonds, it is very generally ascribed to the increased expenditures on the part of the Government necessitated by old-age pensions and other socialistic schemes inaugurated by Lloyd-George.



THE WALL STREET ARMS.

A couple of Englishmen recently were walking along the street when one of them, happening to look up, noticed that they were just in front of the statue of that well-known British statesman

on which is inscribed "He gave the people cheap bread."

"Lloyd-George will never have anything like that said of him," he remarked to his companion.

"Yes, he will," replied the other, quick as a flash. "They'll put up a statue of him with this on it: 'He gave the people cheap Consols!'"

DURING the past year or so the public has lost less money in Wall Street than during any year for a good while back. There has been a certain amount of speculation by outsiders, of course—there always is—but the public's interest in the market has been distinctly from an investment and not from a speculative standpoint. There has been relatively little plunging in and buying on five-point margins; purchases have been mostly "out-right" and for investment.

The facilities of the Stock Exchange, in other words, have been used rather to further the investment of the country's savings than for speculation.



—J. NORMAN LIND.

THEIR SOOTHING HUM.

VERY DEAF OLD GENTLEMAN

(listening to a steel riveter at work).—

Dear me, how unusual! I don't remember ever hearing locusts so early in the summer!

The brokerage fraternity is, of course, delighted at the turn affairs have taken. There's much more money in it for the broker when the public is speculating than when it's investing, but when people speculate they lose their money, and that's awful.

So Wall Street would rather see the public invest its money than use it to speculate with. Perhaps.

THE poor coal companies! Don't these articles and tables you see in all the papers showing how much money they lost by the strike make your heart just bleed for them? Twenty-five cents a ton extra? Why that's nothing. We ought to be willing to pay them fifty cents extra, or seventy-five, or anything else they ask. We ought to be glad that they sell us coal at all.



ENJOYING HIMSELF IMMENSELY.

"THE farmer is the one who is making the progress," recently remarked a bond-salesman for one of the big houses, just in from the road. "I got them to let me try eastern Kansas this trip—new territory for us. I'd heard that the tillers of the soil down there were all buying automobiles and things, and that they were a progressive lot. I found them that, and then some. Here's what happened to me in a little town up near the north-east corner of the State.

"One morning I drove about four miles out into the country to try to sell some bonds to an old farmer named Pratt who was reported to have a pot of money. The old man seemed to be thoroughly posted on the bond-market—knew all about the latest offerings, etc. He seemed to like my issue, but said he was "hung up" with ten Wabash fours, and that until he got rid of them he could n't buy anything else. We were doing quite a little in Wabash fours at the time, and I offered to take them off his hands at 66—just before leaving the hotel I had had a wire stating that they were 66½ bid on the Exchange.

"The old man hesitated, but finally agreed to make the exchange. He was to take seven of my bonds at a little less than par and I was to take his ten Wabash fours at 66½. I fancied I saw a twinkle in his eye as I wrote down the figures. "The deal closed, he offered to show me the house. We went upstairs and, in what he called his "office," what was my amazement to find a stock-ticker buzzing busily away! I walked over to the machine and pulled some of the tape out of the basket. A string of quotations caught my eye. It read something like this: Wabash fours, 10 @ 67, 5 @ 66, 15 @ 64½, 50 @ 62."

THE greatest opposition to the plan of issuing three-cent pieces, we hear, comes from the corporation which controls the hat-check privileges in the hotels and restaurants. Our suggestion is a third-of-a-cent piece made of lead.

Franklin.

A MERE INADVERTENCY.

HIS absence of mind was great.

"Where," he asked perplexedly, "did I leave my hat?"

"Perhaps," exclaimed his wife, seized with a sudden terror, "you left it in the ring?"

Nor did her fears prove groundless, for even as they spoke they could hear the electorate without, shouting and trampling the garden, in token that he was a candidate for something.

UNRARE.

THE hunter had mistakenly shot a guide.

"What," asked the former, bending down eagerly, "is your name?"

"Smith!" gasped the latter, with his last breath.

The hunter's face fell. "And I came up here," he exclaimed, ruefully, "in pursuit of rare game!"

Castles in the air are sometimes almost as expensive in the end as if they had modern plumbing.

"The Rose Maid."



THERE'S not much to say at this late date that hasn't been said already about "The Rose Maid." It's one of the few good shows in town, and promises to last out the summer. The music is pretty, the cast is good, and the orchestra alone is worth the price of admission. Also, the Globe has a movable roof that ought to make that particular theatre fairly cool on warm evenings. What more do you want?

Of the people in the cast, a little black-eyed girl named Dorothy Pollis, in a rather tiny part, runs away with a large share of the honors. If I am not mistaken, Miss Pollis is an

Anna Held graduate. She is decidedly worth watching and ought to "get there" in short order. J. H. Duffy, who plays *The Duke*, has a voice that is worth fifty dancing princes and dukes seen of late in every Viennese light opera. Edith Decker sings well as *The Princess*, and Al Sheau is moderately funny in the rôle of funny man. The "kiddies" in the second act are great. Here's hoping they all grow up to be stars. An understudy in Miss Augarde's rôle of *Daphne* is worthy of mention. Unfortunately we don't know her name. "The Rose Maid" is a good show to which to take your girl. W. E. Hill.

BABIES IN SUMMER.

THE inconvenience of having a baby on your hands in summer seems to increase with the development of our civilization.

A baby in winter time can be housed and more or less secluded, especially since sound-proof rooms have been invented; but in the summer time, where everything is open, and more or less exposed, and traveling is necessary, a baby on your hands is necessarily a very great inconvenience.

No respectable hotel will consider a baby under any circumstances. Moreover, there is

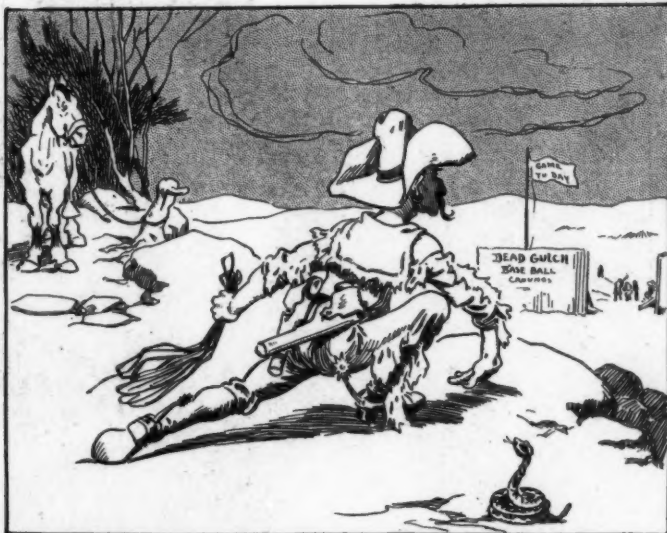
no institution at which you can leave your baby while you go away and enjoy yourself. That is to say, there is no institution in which one has any degree of confidence. And while you are sitting on the sand and flirting with some nice young girl from town—while your wife is playing bridge in the hotel parlor—it is distressing to think that your baby may be crying for want of food in some distant hospital surrounded on every side by total strangers.

There are apparently no conveniences along the line of march. Babies are not considered by railroad companies, there being no special

provision made for them in baggage-cars. Anyone who has taken a journey with a baby in a parlor-car will realize the disgrace and ignominy attached to that reprehensible occupation. There he is; always hanging around; always wanting something to eat; and never satisfied with what is being done for him.

In summer time all these things are tremendously magnified because you cannot conceal him from the world. Even if you stay home, the baby has to be kept on the premises where he can get fresh air; and he is almost sure to annoy the neighbors by his cries. T. L. Masson.

LITTLE WILLIE'S IDEA OF A BASE-BALL SCOUT.



ON THE TRAIL.



THE CAPTURE.



THE PUCA PRESS

SUCH A BUSINE

PICK



CH A BUSINESS!

At a little gathering of distinguished men of letters at the Cosmos Club recently, Representative Slayden of San Antonio, Tex., was called on to give a short talk. He was wholly unprepared, and said so, of course, as most public speakers do. "Gentlemen," began the Texas Congressman, "I hardly know where to begin, and if I knew what I intended to say when I entered this room I certainly have forgotten it now. I—"

*Counsel for
the Defence.*

ALTHOUGH he has been a member of Congress for nearly two years, Senator John Randolph Thornton, of Iberville Parish, La., has never got the hang of the Senate Office-Building. As a usual thing he gets confused and necessarily all turned around in one of the marble corridors of the big building to the north of the Capitol, in which he maintains an office, at least twice a week.

The Lost Statesman

"Funny thing about me," admitted the Louisiana statesman the other day. "I don't seem to be able to get onto the nooks and crannies and the twists and turns of the Senate Office-Building. Now, my office is on the fourth floor—Number 447—and although I know the ropes in my immedi-

ate neighborhood pretty well, I have to run in to Senator McCumber's suite next door to mine every once in a while to find out how to get to Senator Shively's office on the floor below. I'm going to get the blue-prints of the building one of these days and figure out a diminutive chart so that I can have it with me for ready reference when I am on a calling expedition.

"I'd carry a compass too, if it would do me any good," he added with a characteristic chuckle.

PROBABLY it isn't exactly fair to mention it—at this time, at any rate—but then it will come out sooner or later anyway, and the secret may just as well be told now. This is it: Nick Longworth,

Nick and his Wig.

the House as yet with it on, but he intends to just as soon as the mercury in the Government thermometer at the Capitol quits hugging the ninety-five-degree mark. It's like this: A night or two ago a member of the Cabinet gave a dinner at Raucher's, and Nick and Mrs. Nick were among the guests of honor. The third-term candidate's son-in-law, whose birthplace should have been Bald Knob, Ark., according to Senator Jeff Davis, appeared with the top of his head completely covered with false hair. The make-up was rather becoming, too, several of his friends say, although

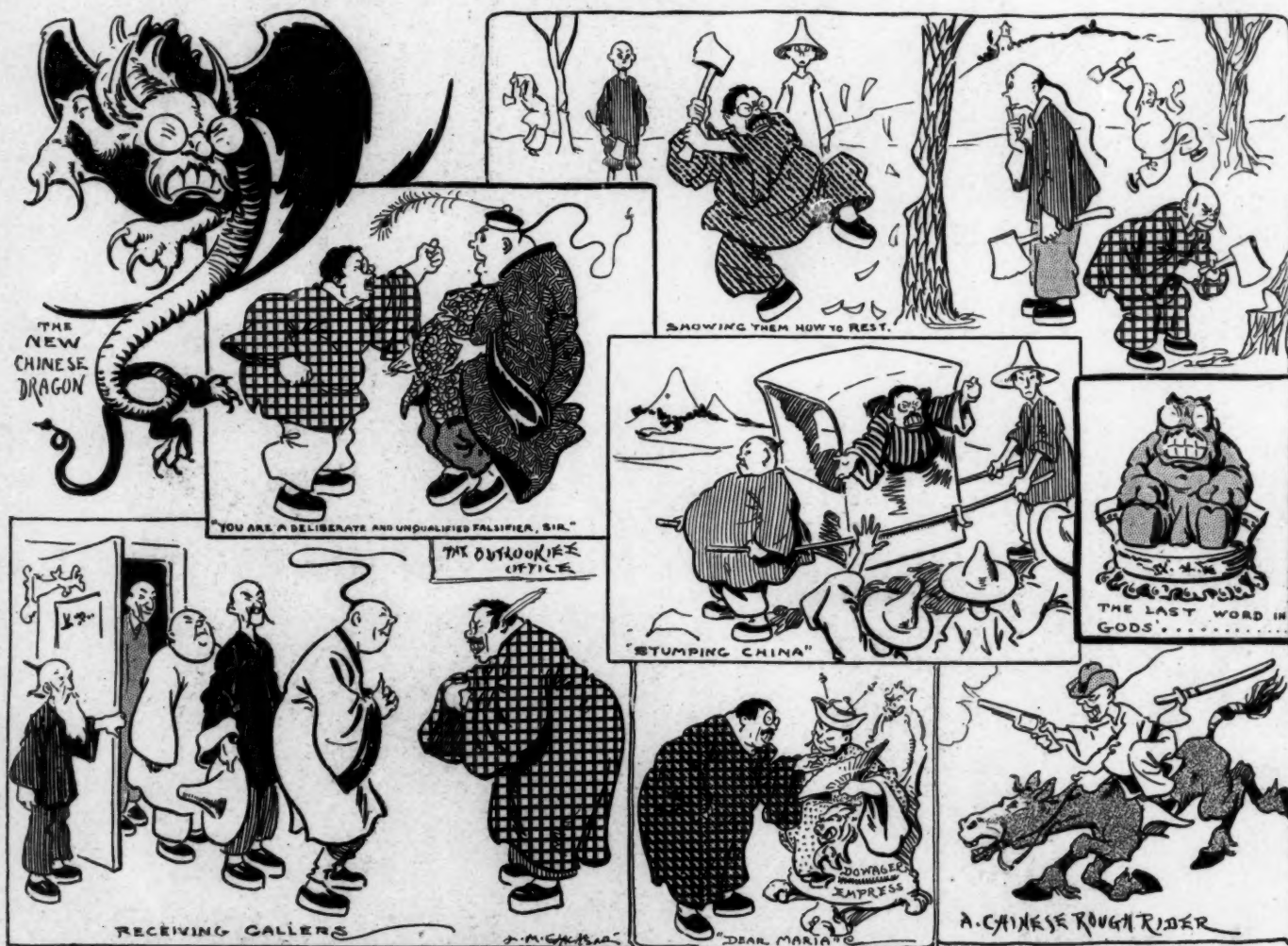
the toupee did n't exactly match the Ohio Congressman's carefully groomed moustache.

"As soon as I get my nerve up, and it gets a bit cooler," Longworth confided to a friend, "I'm going to wear my wig to the Capitol. Several of the boys say it makes a big difference in my looks."

SENATOR SMOOT did n't know the authorship of the Constitution of the United States until the other day. His attention was called to the fact by Senator Clark of Wyoming, who jumped to his feet in the Senate, and, on being recognized by the Chair, asked permission to have printed as a public document a pamphlet he held in his hand. Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Committee on Printing, wanted to know who was the author of the pamphlet. "I will be pleased to give the Senator from Utah a lesson in American history if he will come around to my office after the Senate adjourns this evening, and I think I shall then be able to make it clear to him who it really was that drafted our Constitution.

"Mr. President, I hold here a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and I again ask that it be printed first in the *Congressional Record*, and then as a public document."

Senator Smoot, somewhat nettled, took his seat, but failed to show up afterward for his history lesson.



WHEN TEDDY TAKES HOLD IN CHINA.

"Wu Ting-fang, who will return to America shortly, as Ambassador, will put the matter up to him. I and my countrymen here hope he will accept. If we could make him President of the Chinese Republic for a few years, foreign aggressions would cease. He is the man China needs."—*Statement by a Chinese Official.*

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(Drawn by John the Porter.)

IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

PAT.—I can't shlope nights thinkin' av how th' trusts are r-robbin' me! I'd like to shoot th' reformer thot told me about thim!

CRUEL AND UNNATURAL.

RATHER than listen to the fourteen speeches on the programme of the annual banquet of an estimable New England society, the fifty waiters who served the dinner threw up their jobs and forfeited their wages for the evening. They later issued a statement saying that their duties did not rightly include tarrying at the feast of reason and flow of soul after the demi-tasse had been disposed of.



Little sympathy as may be coming to the over-tipped, over-mannered, and under-blooded waiters who recently struck against the big New York hotels, it will be realized by all fair-minded persons that the New England waiters have a real grievance. The society responsible for the banquet may be an unusual organization; it may be that the fourteen addresses on the programme were gems of wit and wisdom and well worth the attention of an intelligent waiter; but, to judge from all precedents, it is proper to assume the negative. It is proper to

go farther, and lay a wager that the fourteen addresses were delivered by fourteen gentlemen who had nothing worth saying, and said it in wicked defiance of the flight of time and the city ordinances directed toward the suppression of common nuisances.

Too long have waiters been made to suffer under such oppression. Why should a waiter, having performed the task of stuffing his employers with indigestible food, be expected to back up against the wall and writhe under the bombastic poppycock of the descendant of a farmer who filled an Indian full of lead two centuries ago, or the inane wanderings of a member of the class of '59? The waiter perceives that the aforesaid descendant is intoxicated, and that even when sober he is pretty much of an ass; and he knows that the old duffer who replies for '59 is a notable bore who is not tolerated in ordinary social intercourse. The wonder is that these waiters were content to strike in an intransitive way.



MODERN SLANG.

"TAKE IT FROM ME!"



The Tree System—The Bell System

A NOBLE tree thrives because the leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and roots are all working together, each doing its part so that all may live.

Neither the roots nor the branches can live without the other, and if the trunk is girdled so that the sap cannot flow, the tree dies.

The existence of the tree depends not only on the activity of all the parts, but upon their being always connected together in the "tree system."

This is true also of that wonderful combination of wires, switchboards, telephones, employes and subscribers which helps make up what is called the Bell Telephone System.

It is more than the vast machinery of communication, covering the country from ocean to ocean. Every part is alive, and each gives additional usefulness to every other part.

The value of telephone service depends not only on the number of telephones, but upon their being always connected together, as in the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonell.
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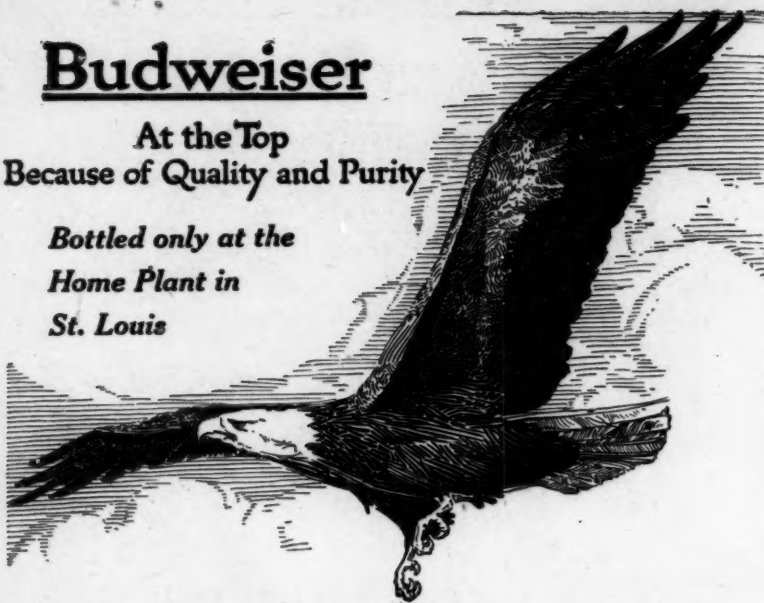
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CAPACITY		TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES	
Brewing Capacity	2,500,000 barrels per year	Refrigerator freight cars	1,500
Mailing Capacity	2,000,000 bushels per year	Horses at home plant	143
Bottling Works	1,000,000 bottles daily	Wagons at home plant	78
Grain Storage Elevators	1,750,000 bushels	Auto Trucks at home plant	74
Stockhouses (for lagging)	600,000 barrels	Horses at Branches	483
Steam Power Plant	12,000 horse power	Wagons at Branches	430
Electric Power Plant	4,000 horse power	Auto Trucks at Branches	47
Refrigerator Plant	4,000 tons per day		
Ice Plants	1,200 tons per day		
Coal Used	325 tons per day		
FREIGHT		EMPLOYES	
Inbound and outbound	50,000 cars per year	At St. Louis Plant	6,000 people
		At 36 Branches	1,500 people

Total Sales, 1911 — 1,527,832 Barrels
Budweiser Bottled Beer Sales, 1911 — 173,184,600 Bottles

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE.



"Hang it all," said the fat man who took up the space of three. "a fellow can't get room to move for these blessed hats!" — *Sydney Bulletin*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"HELLO! Sit down. I believe you have come to ask me —"
"You have been misinformed; I have n't come to ask you anything."
"Why, I understood you —"
"I came merely because I wished to be first to tell you a bit of good news. I am going to marry your daughter." — *Houston Post*.

DA PEANUTTA PRESIDAN'.

I try hard to be 'Merican,
But eet ees hard to be.
I no mooch good for Fightin' Man—
Italia for me!

First off w'en I am comin' here
I deeg een streets for 'bout a year;
But I no like eet vera wal,
An' so I gat som' fruit to sal,
An' soon I am da Presidan'
Of fina beeg peanutta stan'!
Bimeby dat mak' me tire, too,
So I am look for som' theeng new,
An' las' fall I am sal my stan'
For gooda price to 'nothra man.
All weentra time I no do mooch
But read of poleeticks an' sooch,
So dat by watchin' w'at dey do
I can be 'Mericana, too.
But eet ees dull. So, too, my wife
She don'ta like da private life.
Wal, yestaday da fatta man
Dat tak' my old peanutta stan'
He's s'prise', for look across da street
An' see my new place, fine an' neat.
"Ha! W'at ees dees?" he say. "You swore
You ain't gon' do dees nevra more.
You no got right your place to sal
An' den come 'roun' for raisa hal!"
"Excuse, my domba frand," I say,
"Eet ees da 'Mericana way.
Som'times an' for som' man, eet's true,
Eet would not be right theeng to do;
But once you have been Presidan'
You are not like da plaina man.
I say wan theeng to you las' fall,
But now I change my mind, dat's all."
"All right," he say. "I change your face!
You thief! You try for steal my place!"
I grabba beega steek an' cry:
"You lie!" an' poke heem een da eye.

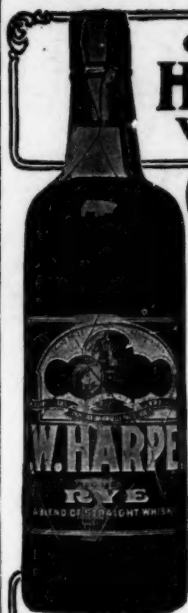
Dees hospital dat I am een
Ees vera nice, but oh!
W'en I am gattin' wal agen
I know where I weell go.
I try hard to be 'Merican.
But eet ees hard to be.
I no mooch good for Fightin' Man—
Italia for me!

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SAFE.

"The next time you spill your coffee
on the tablecloth, don't try to hide it
by setting your cup on it. I will notice
it anyway when I clean up."
"Yes, but I am in the office by that
time." — *Meggendorfer Blätter*.

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THE BEST WAY.

A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hewa-hewa, and then laugh as though you knew better. If it is done artistically you can get away with it nearly every time. The same treatment has been applied to décolleté with great success.—*York Dispatch.*

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"I UNDERSTAND that T. A. Edison says that concrete shoes will be all the rage soon."

"Gee! I guess I'll speak to your father right away."
 —*Houston Post.*

THE FLIPPER NIPPER.



MRS. FLIPPER.—Yus, 'e wos playin' at sojers, an' 'e took the sarsapan for an 'elmet, an' 'e can't get it off, so I'm takin' 'im to the 'orspital.

MRS. LING.—It's a bad job fer 'im.

MRS. FLIPPER.—It's a wuss one fer me. It's the only pan I've got, and there's me breakfuss inside it!—*The Sketch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Who will be the next President ?

He won't be happy till he gets it!



"All rights secured"

"If madam will pardon me, this suit does not match her complexion as well as the other."

"The suit is all right. I want it to match a bull-pup."—*Washington Herald.*

"MIGHTY mean man Ah's wukkin' fer."

"Wat's de mattah?"

"Took de laigs off de wheelbarrah so's Ah kain't set down an' rest."—*New York World.*

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BEER

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TO FELICIA, ABOUT TO WEAR PANNIERS.
 [A contemporary informs its readers that "bulging" is to be the note of feminine costume in future.]
 Felicia, dear, you've looked so sweet
 In those scant garments that I love—
 Those skirts that giv' the dainty feet
 And sheathe your beauties like a glove
 I hope 't is false the news we've heard,
 With every foolish print's divulging—
 That "slim" and "trim" 's no more the word,
 But all the rage to be for bulging.
 Of such mutation, frantic, mad.
 I hope, Felicia, you're not thinking,
 Take warning, lest the more you add
 The more you find my passion shrinking.
 Be still as when you charmed me first
 With lines alluring, not crude masses;
 And know that "panniers"—burden curst—
 Were only made and meant for asses!
 —*Pall Mall Gazette.*


EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ALL MOTOR CARS

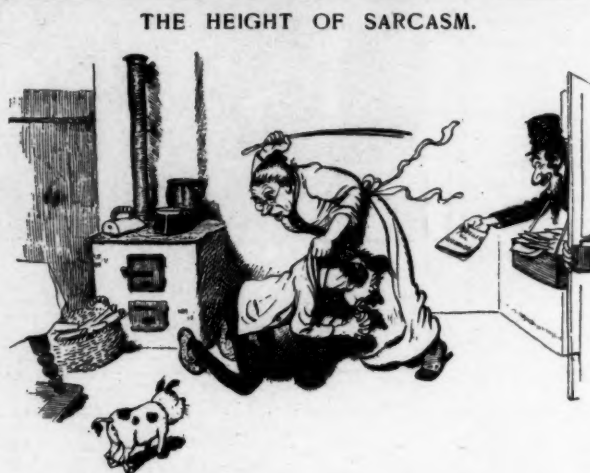
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BOOK-PEDDLER.—Perhaps a letter-writer for lovers would be agreeable?
 —*Fliegende Blätter.*

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 PARTNER.—That is my brother, madam.
 LADY (in confusion).—Ah! I beg your pardon. I had n't noticed the resemblance.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

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"WERE you not scared when the masked highwayman came through the sleeping-car and demanded your money at the point of a revolver?"
 "Scared? No, I thought it a mighty good joke on the porter."—*Buffalo Express.*

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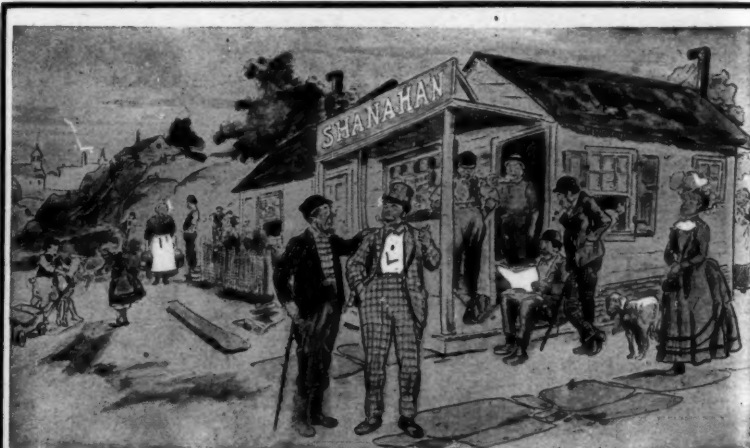
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THE MODERN COLLEGE YOUTH.

They taught him Greek and Chemistry, the tricks of H₂O.
And many, many other things that students ought to know,
But he himself acquired the art—or would you call it grace?—
Of hiding all his pleasure when he drew a needed ace.

They taught him all the languages, to read them at a glance,
The gutturals of the Germans and the dulcet notes of France;
But thus the student reasoned: More important, far, than all,
Is understanding English and the way to say "I call."

The Faculty immersed him in the seas of ancient lore,
And taught him endless nothings of ten thousand years before;
And though he fell good-naturedly for all that line of stuff,
He burned the midnight oil to learn the gentle art of bluff.

They taught him all that's teachable, then sent him on his way,
And now he's worth a million, more or less, the papers say;
And I confess to wondering what brought him his success,
The clever things he learned in school or after-hours—guess?
—*Buffalo News.*

A SYLLOGISM.

MAJOR PREMISE.—I'm not the head of an ass.
MINOR PREMISE.—I'm not the tail of an ass.
CONCLUSION.—I must be no end of an ass.—*Yale Record.*

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

A Western Kentucky negro was in jail awaiting trial
for stealing a calf. His wife called to see him. On her
way out, the jailer, whose name was Grady, halted her.

"Mandy," he inquired, "have you got a lawyer for
Jim?"

"No, sah," said his wife. "Ef Jim was guilty I'd git
him a lawyer right away; but he tells me he ain't guilty,
and so, of co'se, I ain't aimin' to hire none."

"Mr. Grady," came a voice from the cells above,
"you tell dat nigger woman down thar to git a lawyer—
and git a dam' good one too!" — *Saturday Evening Post.*

WHAT THEY GAVE THE PORTER.

On his recent trip to California Bert Walker says the
Pullman porter acted as though he wanted something from
the passengers.

"What do you want?" Bert asked him.
"Oh, anything you see fit to give, boss," replied the porter.
"All right," said Bert. "Boys, let's give the porter
three cheers." And they did. — *Kansas City Journal.*

Summer Trips IN Vacation Days

¶ This is the time to think about
Summer Trips.

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and almost everybody takes
one during the summer months.

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Pennsylvania R. R.

FREQUENT VISITOR.

"Hello, Rummel! I hear you had
your watch stolen the other day."

"Yes, but the thief is already
caught. Just think, the fool took it to
the pawnshop, and there they imme-
diately recognized it as mine and de-
tained him." — *Fliegende Blätter.*

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